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Clemenceau

Clemenceau's defeat by Paul Deschanel in the French parliamentary caucus comes as a great surprise. Outside the political groups in Paris nobody was prepared to believe that the greatest statesman France produced during the war period, the "Father of Victory," couldn't have any honor he wanted merely for the asking.

Perhaps he was too sanguine in allowing himself to be put forward as a candidate for the Presidency. He made scores of new enemies in the Chamber while he was Premier. He had been making enemies all his life. Until the peace treaty was promulgated he had a check on them. He held his own to the end in the old Chamber. But the new one felt freer to follow its feelings and, perhaps, to vent ancient grudges.

Clemenceau played a lone hand as Premier. He called few men of strength into his Cabinet, and his former rivals have been working quietly for many months to undermine him. His rejection will thus not be accepted as a verdict on his crowning work as the savior of France—the man who came at last to the head of the government with a policy expressed in three words, "I make war."

Clemenceau retains his fame. That is imperishable. Clemenceau is a sage and a cynic. He said on armistice day: "I ought to die now. Then, at least, they would give me a funeral."

He stayed on and saw France through the pitfalls of the peace conference. After that, election to the ornamental office of President could mean, at best, only a gilded retirement.

Dr. Grant's Right to Talk

The question involved in the controversy raging about the head of Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, is not whether he has spoken truly or wisely in regard to the deportations of the "Reds" and kindred topics.

As to these he uttered manifest foolishness. No similarity seems traceable between the cases of the Pilgrim Fathers and of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. The followers of John Robinson, leaving England, first went to Holland. When the atmosphere there was found uncongenial they did not proclaim bombs should be used to compel the Dutch to accept their views. Their own sense of equity led them to journey on—to seek a wilderness where they could be true to their own conceptions and not invade the equal rights of others. The Mayflower's passengers left Holland voluntarily—never sought to place explosives in the homesteads of their hosts.

The issue is not whether Dr. Grant correctly reads history, but whether he may read it as he pleases. As to this there is not much real division of opinion. An overwhelming majority of Americans recognize that liberty cannot be granted and withheld in the same breath. If there is to be government through and by public opinion folly must be left free to disport itself.

Sound principles have a seamy side. It is impossible to trim without endangering the whole fabric. So the rule of the law is that the only proper limits to free speech are responsibility for words uttered and avoidance of the Bolshevist doctrine that a person who does not agree with your private ideas concerning government should forthwith be shot or intimidated.

Dr. Grant does not appear to have transgressed these limits. He is strangely tolerant of speech suppression in Russia, and thus involves himself in what most of his fellow citizens regard as absurdity. But such strabismus is no rare human weakness.

Those show small faith in their fellows or in the power of right to make its way who tremble at the whispers of error. The mood of Milton is better—the Milton who said: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse by free and open battle?"

Prohibition

January 16, 1920, is a date that long will be remembered. It marks the launching of a social experiment transcended in import only by that associated with July 4, 1776, and January 1, 1863, when freedom for the slaves was proclaimed.

Closeness to the event obscures clearness of outline; but, make no mistake, the reactions flowing from the new condition are likely to touch every feature of American life—to make not only for a new economy but a new psychology.

For the first time in history a great people, acting through representatives of their choosing, have deliberately determined to suppress the oldest of human vices, though to do so it is necessary to root out weaknesses so deeply imbedded as to be long rated an integral part of human nature.

Believe not those who say this was done without the people's consent. Our government is the world's most complicated one. It lodges more veto power with minorities than any other. Yet, with all the impediments to change, two-thirds of both houses of Congress voted for the constitutional amendment, and then three-fourths of the legislatures of the states ratified the action. Maybe not three-fourths of the people wished the change, but surely a large majority asked it.

The new rule is an experiment. No one now can say what will be its results. There is little former experience to support faith or to justify foreboding. The record made by the "dry" states is of small value, because, by processes akin to osmosis, alcohol leaked in. The vodka decree of the Czar did not apply to many intoxicants. Whether now there is to be prohibition that will prohibit remains to be demonstrated. Home manufacture, which the law is unable to reach, may nullify the law effectively. No one surely knows.

If alcohol is not obtainable will there be resort to habit-forming drugs that are more pernicious? Again no one knows. The belief is entertained by some that the alcohol habit, to which the vigorous races have been addicted, meets the demands of over-active nerves for a sedative. As to this science is contradictory. No one is warranted in being dogmatic and in asserting whether physiological improvement or deterioration is to come.

But turning from these doubtful matters to the motives of those who have ordered the great innovation there are reasons for profound satisfaction. "Put yourself in order according to my command," says benevolent despotism. "I will put myself in order," responds democracy. Surely here is a momentous expression of social self-restraint, a demonstration of self-mastery beyond parallel. At the signal of a lone policeman long lines of traffic stop or move. The herald blows a "Be it enacted!" on his trumpet and there is quiet obedience. Let it not be said that only force rules the world.

The prohibition element has been scarcely wise in its recent policies. It has failed to see that the existence in the country of a store of intoxicants in the hands of dealers means that the "bootlegger" will be active and that otherwise the difficulties of enforcement will be increased. It would have been wiser to have permitted dissipation and a consumption that is deferred rather than prevented. Moreover, there is the immorality of an attempted confiscation, and memory of this will, of course, do no good.

Early non-success will greatly prejudice the experiment. With the bulwark of the Constitution to exclude him, it may be said John Barleycorn cannot come back. But majorities have a way of getting their will done somehow. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments stand as melancholy monuments that the Constitution is not always respected. The prudent prohibitionist will do what he can to make enforcement as easy as possible, and will not be disposed to insist on action that will result in keeping within our gates a large garrison of the enemy.

The Composer of "Robin Hood"

Whatever the musical critics may decide in the course of the years as to the larger artistic labors of Reginald de Koven, there can be no detracting from the complete and lasting success of his "Robin Hood." Writing light opera ought to be a simple thing, it might be thought, and the annual output ought to include a good percentage of true music. As a matter of fact, the light opera that is good enough to last from decade to decade, after the ephemeral tinsel of contemporary fame has passed, is rarer than the rare—far more infrequent than good opera of heavier mold.

There is Sullivan and there is no one else, one is tempted to say. Certainly there has been no composer who had the light touch so perfectly and used it with so infallible a sense of humor. Yet it is in the group with these classics that "Robin Hood" belongs—even if below them in rank. It is one of the few contributions by an American to the operatic field that have lived and flourished. Had it started with a book to compare with a Gilbert book, who knows! But that was not to be. Goodness knows whether it will ever be in America as long as any singable lines are considered adequate for the girl show that is the prevailing type of our musical comedy.

It is a large and lasting debt of pleasure that is owing to Reginald de Koven. His passing brings back memories of the best of fun, of melodies that still swing and trip and lilt. May his larger compositions prove all that he and his admirers hoped! But thanks be from us all for the sure gift of light and laughter that his lesser muse yielded.

Admiral Sims's Frankness

Admiral Sims is an officer with clear-cut views and the courage to express them. He is not a courtier. Nor is he a man to smooth over disagreeable truths "for the good of the service."

When he says that it would be better to abolish the whole scheme of naval distinctions than to have awards made in the way in which the Navy Department has been trying to make them he has the country behind him. The purpose of granting crosses and medals is to strengthen the morale of service. If the methods followed in distributing distinctions create discord and lower morale, the navy is better off without any award system. American opinion has always been skeptical of the value of military ribbons and decorations. It has a dislike of machine-made distinctions of all sorts. It loathes the appearance of favoritism in the bestowal of honors. In the past it has jealously insisted that these should go only to the exceptionally and obviously deserving.

Admiral Sims shares that jealousy. He represents ancient tradition and is unwilling to abandon the ancient standards. His judgment can hardly be disputed. In view of the friction and bitterness aroused by the awards of the Knight Board, by Secretary Daniels's unfortunate revision of those awards and by the necessity of quashing all existing findings and beginning all over again, Congress would be justified in repealing the distinctions act and letting the relative merits of those who served in the war be established in the old way—by the respect which each deserving officer has won for himself in the opinion of his fellows.

On another point—connected with service efficiency, though not directly connected with service awards—Admiral Sims also has spoken very frankly. He strongly condemns the "muzzling" policy, which has been carried to extremes, of the present Secretary of the Navy. The establishment of a censorship over the utterances of naval officers creates an atmosphere of servility. It discourages constructive criticism. And if the navy is in need of constructive criticism—as it always is—where can more competent and more helpful critics be found than in the highly trained officers of the navy?

Secretary Daniels's treatment of Rear Admiral Fiske is an instance in point. In other navies officers enjoy a wide degree of latitude of discussion. How astonishing, for instance, are the published reminiscences of Lord Fisher! Even officers in the active list should have the right to say and write what they think and what they hold to be of importance to the development of a sound naval policy.

Admiral Sims deserves high praise for his candor and outspokenness. It is time for the era of suppression to end. The best minds in the navy should be released, both for the enlightenment of the public ministration.

Altruistic Thrift

In the exhortations to practice thrift it has been common to emphasize the personal and selfish benefits thereof.

The advice of Poor Richard and Samuel Smiles was pointed by illustrations of how the thrifty individually prospered. The world is populated in the main by those who do not save, or save little—who prefer the satisfaction of present desires to providing for the satisfaction of future desires. In such a world he who refrains from consumption possesses a balance on which interest is paid, has a deposit against which drafts, redeemable in work or goods, can be drawn. Thrift as thus presented is an ignoble virtue, akin to the meanness of miserliness.

But thrift takes on a new aspect, is seen to be a social blessing. In such a crisis as the present one there must be overproduction in countries of normal life to meet the dearth in countries whose life is abnormal. The granaries of Joseph must be full if his brethren are not to starve. And under modern conditions there must be a basis of credit to carry the burden of deferred payments. The person who sends a package of food abroad says he is feeding babies. So also may he who spends less than what he earns, puts his surplus in a bank which buys foreign securities, whose purchase in turn creates a fund against which the foreigner draws drafts to pay for food. It is the fashion of many to decry capital, but how, except by clumsy and impossible barter, is it possible without the machinery of capitalism to feed the hungry Socialists of Europe? Our radical friends think, but scarcely deeply enough.

Thrift converted into credits not only relieves the famine stricken, but more. It smooths the way to needed improvements if the earth is to provide the means of living for new millions. Thrift is paymaster of the army which works on betterments. The man who digs a canal or builds a bridge or dredges a harbor is sustained from the contributions of non-spenders. Socialist and anti-capitalistic theory makes no clear proposal as to how workers who toil for the coming years are to be fed and clothed. May it be said once more that our radical friends think, but too superficially?

So work and save; not merely for yourself, although you are entitled to the fruits of your abstentions, but for others—to aid the great business of reconstruction and to make the planet a better habitation.

Yesterday's Tribune, referring to the claims of Mr. Hoover, attempted to say, "Surely not an unattractive picture!" The type made it say, "Surely not an attractive picture!" It is to be hoped that the context was clear enough to make the reversal of meaning obvious.

The Radical's Tragedy

Why He Fought the War and Why He Is Disheartened

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The tragedy of the radical is not, as you suppose, that he "stood outside the stream of our national life at its most desperate and stirring hour," for in many cases he didn't. On the contrary, he generally bore his part in the patriotic obligations of the war, and (barring pacifists and enemy aliens) he entered into all its noble emotions—and some of its ignoble ones as well.

No; the tragedy of the radical arises on quite other grounds. As I see and feel it, his tragedy—his disappointment, disillusion and discouragement—proceeds from the bitter fact that, having gladly shared in the sacrifices of a war waged to dethrone autocracy and to make the world safe for democracy, he now finds his own beloved country given over to a reign of terror characterized by safe profiteering, senseless fear of the people and all manner of stupid and pernicious persecution and oppression incident to that fear by officials in the service of reaction.

He saw with dismay the Fourteen Points frittered away at Paris. He sees the President entangled in a costly and cruel war on Russia—a war carried on by him without constitutional authority and in violation of the cherished principle of self-determination of peoples, yet without effective protest from either Congress or press. He sees the Department of Justice in spectacular raids, rounding up thousands of poor and ignorant aliens for deportation without trial—persons who, in many cases certainly and in most cases probably, have not committed or even contemplated any crime, but whose political opinions are judged unsound by the official raiders. He sees obscure men sentenced to long terms in prison for publishing a pamphlet which the minority opinion of the Supreme Court boldly declared they had as much right to print as you or I have to print the Federal Constitution. He sees the fundamental constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly openly violated by Governors, Mayors, judges and police officials whenever the slightest pretext offers. He sees duly elected members of the New York State Assembly arbitrarily suspended not for any unlawful act or for any legal disability, but solely for political reasons. He sees Berger twice bounced from the House and Newberry embraced in the Senate. And, worst of all, he sees the daily press—with but few honorable exceptions—either blindly indifferent to what is going on or applauding most of the processes of official tyranny, the invasions of liberty, the perversions of law, the denials of justice and the violations of the Constitution, which, if we do not soon come to our senses and put an end to them, must inevitably breed bloody revolution.

This is the tragedy of a radical who has voted for every President elected in thirty-six years save two; whose entire savings are in Liberty and Victory bonds, who was not permitted to go himself but gladly sent his only son to France to battle for his country and for the cause of liberty and justice in the world.

D. O.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 14, 1920.

Mind or Instinct?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In yesterday's issue of The Tribune Miss Mariette B. Stuckey asks the question, "Do dogs have minds or highly developed instincts?" My answer is, "They have both." And I believe Mr. John Burroughs will back me.

I believe all animals have both mind and instinct, separate cells of the brain, working in conjunction. I also believe the dog to be the most highly developed of all animals, next to mankind. The dogs, like the human race, vary in degree. The highly developed, or educated, dog, thinks, while the lower order is governed by instinct only.

Having had dogs around me nearly all my life, I could give you many instances to prove my assertion; but, perhaps, the following case in point will answer the double question: A neighbor of mine in the country brought a dog to his home in his car at midnight, a distance of some eight or ten miles. The following morning the dog made up his mind he did not want to stay there, and as he could not have seen the country through which he had been brought the night before he started off, sniffing the air, and in less than an hour was again in his old home.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS.

New York, Jan. 14, 1920.

The Conning Tower

WEATHER FORECAST

By Our Own Grand Opera Librettist

LANCELOT

Cloudy and colder to-morrow,
To-morrow,
To-morrow,
Fact it is, not fiction;
This is the prediction:
Cloudy,
Cloudy,
Cloudy,
And colder—
And colder—
And colder.

CHORUS

To-day?

LANCELOT

Ah, nay!
To-morrow.

CHORUS

Oh, sorrow!

LANCELOT

To-morrow's skies will all be o'ercast
According to the official forecast
Which is, I say,

CHORUS

Yes, yes he says,
he says,
he says.

LANCELOT

Cloudy,

CHORUS

Cloudy, cloudy, cloudy.

LANCELOT

And colder.

CHORUS

And colder—
And colder—
And colder.

LANCELOT

To-morrow—
Yes, cloudy and colder to-morrow.

CHORUS

Cloudy and colder,
And colder
To-morrow,
To-morrow,
To - mor - row
- row
- row
T o - m o r r o w .

Miss Helen Taft, acting president of Bryn Mawr, cites Dempsey and Ruth's compensations against the salaries of teachers; which is no argument at all. There are eight or nine teachers who can solve a simultaneous quadratic equation; but there was only one man who could knock out Jess Willard, and there is only one hitter like the redoubtable Babe. Mr. Briggs undoubtedly makes more money than any university president; as do Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Irving Berlin. Nor is there anything disgraceful in that. It is disgraceful that the teaching profession is poorly paid, but the average ball player and the average pugilist probably earn even less than the average college professor.

"From the unbiased view of one who attended his first Contrib Dinner," writes A. G., "I'd be willing to bet that Dr. Baer of Columbus 8200 fame had a better time Wednesday night than he has had since the Slocum disaster."

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

January 14—With Mistress Hilda to the opera house, and heard "Boris Godunov," but all except a part of the third act was beyond my musickall grasp. With H. O'Higgins and Mistress Anna to a publick, and had a cheese rabbit, very good, too.

15—Up, and to the office, where all day, until Mistress Mildred Phelps telephones to tell me she is here, so I to see her, very gay she was, too, and thence to Mistress Marjorie Trumbull's for dinner, and home and to-bed, but all night I was ill with pain, which made me angry at myself.

16—To the office, and felt weak and dizzy, so I hastened to finish my stint, with no great credit to myself, and for the first time I saw what Miss Amy Lowell meant when she expressed her so great pity for writers that must write every day. Howbeit if I could earn enough by writing only once a year that would I gladly do. Home and to-bed.

It is necessary, apparently, to repeat to contribs that this department rejects, and will continue to reject, all essays in the French forms of versification which fail to adhere to the rules. Your "ballade," Theo, rhymes "I" with "eye" and uses "reply" twice.

Whoever wrote the introduction to John McCrae's poems considers "In Flanders Fields" a daring variation of the sonnet.

THE BEADLE'S DIME NOVEL

This moss-covered novel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that printing can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were trembling!
And quick in my shirt bosom dropped it and stood;
Till soon, with perfection of guilty dissembling,
I sneaked to the woodshed, and there in the wood,
The Indian dime novel, the yellow bound novel,
The Beadle's Dime Novel I hid in the wood.

How sweet from the green mossy wood to receive it,
As, poised on a log, I reclined on my hip!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that goddesses sip.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
No tear of regret would I shed if I could,
For Westbrook puts out from his Cleveland plantation,
The same old dime novel which lay in the wood;
The Indian dime novel, the yellow bound novel,
The Beadle's Dime Novel I hid in the wood.

STUART CLOSS, M. D.

"Americanism," discovers Senator Poindexter, "demands of its citizens undivided allegiance."

For President, Henry J. Allen.

F. P. A.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ THE LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION NURSIE WILL GET FROM THE WHITE HOUSE?

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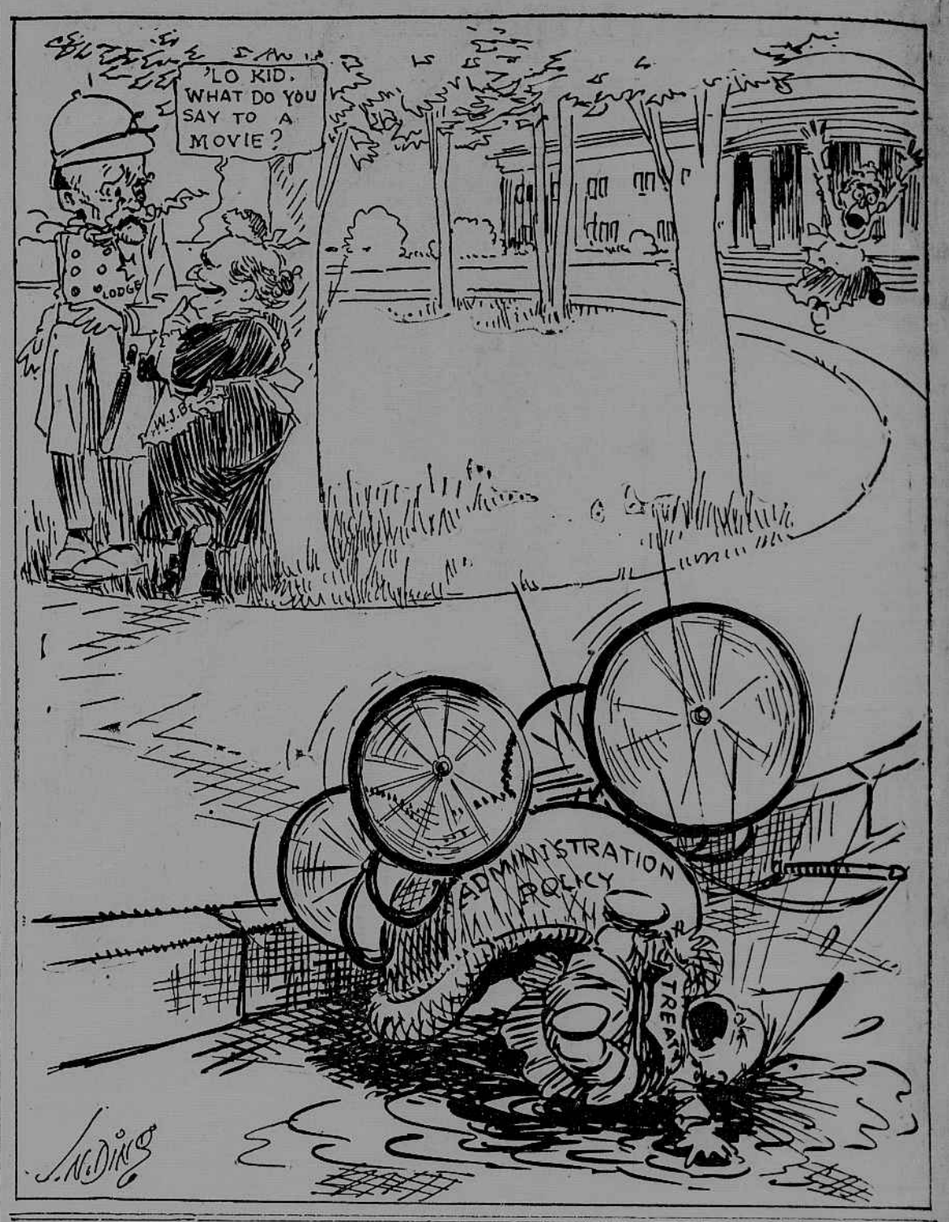

The Message Grey Took Home

By Frank H. Simonds

Washington, D. C.

Great interest is manifested in this city over the possible changes in British policy which may follow the arrival of Viscount Grey in England. While in a certain sense his American visit was a failure, since he accomplished none of the things for which he came, did not see the President, see the league of nations launched or play any public part whatsoever, Grey's visit was by no means useless, nor was his time wasted.

League Problem Grasped

In his brief stay in Washington the British statesman saw representatives of all parties and of all shades of feeling. He recognized clearly and grasped sympathetically the fact that opposition to the league of nations covenant, as submitted to the Senate, was not primarily or exclusively partisan, and it is conjectured here that following Grey's return there will be no repetition by Lloyd George of the statement that politics had produced the failure of the treaty on this side of the water.

Many talks with many Republicans gave Grey a clear view of the position of the champions of the reservations in the Senate. Turned aside from the original purpose of his visit, the former Secretary of Foreign Affairs took up the necessary task of analyzing and appraising American feeling. And it is no secret in this city that one of the controlling reasons for the viscount's return rather sooner than had been expected was his feeling that the true situation in America was not in the least understood in Europe.

That the British Ambassador believed in a league of nations, was convinced that such an international council, had it existed, would have been of infinite value in the critical days of July, 1914, was clear to all who talked with him. But this personal conviction was never pressed, nor did Grey at any time undertake to become a protagonist of the league of nations or a champion of any form of covenant.

An Immediate Change

Throughout all his public life the British Ambassador has been a warm friend and admirer of the United States, and this admiration was greatly increased by his brief stay on this side of the ocean. His return to England will, therefore, it is confidently believed, contribute to an immediate change in the British official view of the American situation.

It is interesting to note here the impression that Grey made of simplicity, frankness and straightforwardness. He gave his confidence to not a few American newspaper men; he talked to them with an absence of diplomatic circumlocution which won immediate and lasting respect.

The question as to whether Grey will return an Ambassador is open, but there is a growing impression that he will not. Present gossip points toward Lord Redding, who was here for a brief time during the war and is understood to be willing to return. On the other hand, Grey told many Washington friends that he intended to return to America, and left the impression that he would come as a private citizen.

Grey's influence in London will materially contribute to improving Anglo-American relations, for it is unmistakable here that there has been increasing irritation, notably in certain Republican quarters, over Lloyd George's several times repeated allegation that partisan politics alone are responsible for the deadlock over the treaty. It can be pretty safely guessed that this is not Grey's view, and he is too good an observer not to perceive the harm that has been already done by this charge, and the greater harm that might follow further, harping on this string.

Visit a Success

It is an odd circumstance that while outside of Washington Grey's visit has excited little comment, in Washington he has quietly and unobtrusively, but no less potently, been felt. He has escaped the slightest hint of meddling with American political questions and domestic debates, but he has invited and obtained from the leaders on both sides of the Senate, as well as from Republicans and Democrats outside of official circles, views which will enable him to clarify British opinion on the American question.

Like the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, Lord Grey has been able to preserve and increase the friendship between his own and the American people by methods which are strikingly in contrast with those employed by Count von Bernstorff, with temporary success, but with ultimately fatal consequences. With Grey, as with Jusserand, the British Embassy, like the French, has at no time been a center of intrigue or a headquarters of manipulation.

The result has been unmistakable. There are no partisan or personal shades of feeling about Grey's all too brief stay in Washington. It has been a success, despite the limitations imposed by the President's illness. It has materially contributed to lessening a measure of exasperation at certain British official utterances, and the general belief at the Capitol is that America's real feeling will be adequately and sympathetically preserved with Lord Grey back in London.

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For the Sick Poor

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Might I ask you to publish an appeal for our sick poor whom we attend regardless of creed, race or color? We are besieged with applications for relief, and without the aid of a generous public we cannot do as much as we would wish. The winter has been exceptionally severe and many distressing cases are on our list. The high cost of living has made life a misery to the sick poor.

If some of your kind hearted readers would sent us articles of clothing, such as blankets, comforters, pillow cases, sheets, warm underclothing, baby outfits, shoes, etc., it would do much to relieve the situation. These articles need not necessarily be new, only clean.

MOTHER MARY.

Convent Immaculate Conception Dominican Sisters of Sick Poor, 140 West Sixty-first Street, New York, Jan. 13, 1920.

Hard to Shake Off

(From The Washington Evening Star)

A deported "Red" who threatens to come back as an "ambassador" shows a lingering trace of that respect for political order and governmental authority which even the most turbulent mind cannot escape.

The Real Americans

With Some Comment Upon the Ways of Pale Faces

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I would request a few inches of the valuable space in the letter columns of The Tribune in order to correct a statement by Sumner Williams regarding the "barbarous and untutored Indian." Mr. Williams says "his ancestors helped to save our fair land from the clutches of the barbarous and untutored Indian."

It would be well to impress upon the minds of some of the descendants of those ancestors that the first thing the Pilgrims did when they landed was "to pray, and next, to prey upon the Indians." Who had a better right to clutch "our fair land" than the Indian? Who saved the Fathers from starvation during that first winter? The Indian. Who sneaked many a dark night to the none-too-full corn bins of the "barbarous Indian," not satisfied with the generosity of their redskin benefactors, and stole their meager food supply? Who systematically and intentionally laid plans to exterminate the Indians of New England, and succeeded?

No wonder the historical societies hesitated for so many years to publish some of the earliest historical records! These records are not very flattering to the first settlers of New England, in so far as the records refer to the treatment the "barbarous and untutored Indian" received at the hands of the Fathers. And the descendants of the Puritans may well go slow in calling the Indians names. Not content with treating the aboriginal inhabitants as if they were wild beasts to be exterminated, they forced upon their own people laws which if enforced to-day would cause the holding of another Boston Tea Party. (General Washington was arrested on his way to Boston for riding his horse on Sunday at a faster speed than a walk.) The dogmas of predestination and infant damnation were in great danger if a man kissed his wife on the "Sabbath."

For nearly two hundred years the only method of heating the churches (in our fair land) was by means of the stoves behind the vest, fed by gallons of rum, of which there was never a scarcity or underproduction. Somewhere in New England there can be seen a Puritan pulpit with a shelf to hold the liquid fuel to warm the exhorter of all righteousness.

All credit to the real virtues of the Fathers and Puritans. They were many and fully appreciated by the Indian. By contact with the "barbarous and untutored Indian" a small number of the early settlers learned for the first time what a real American was—a lover and fighter for liberty, who would fight to the last for a bit of "his land," and it would be interesting to know just how much of the spirit of '76 was acquired from the Indian.

The modern Indian can read and he is learning a good deal about the white man's civilization, with its unsolved political, economic and social problems and restricting within the narrowest bounds fundamental human rights of free speech, free assemblage and a free press—rights the Indian enjoyed for centuries before the pale face ever thought of seeking a land of freedom.

E. H. G. TYAGOHWENS,
A Member of the Onondaga Indian Nation.

Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1920.